

The Critic

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Courses of Reading on Special Subjects.

American History.*

IT IS HARDLY WORTH saying that the young reader in pursuit of a fair general knowledge of the empires and kingdoms of the earth, should seek first to know something of the history of his own country. But if, like most young persons, he prefers the roads not hard to travel, it will be an encouragement to him to be assured that our own history is more easily comprehended than that of any other nation. For, in the family of nations we are the youngest; so young that we need not resort to ingenious guesses, nor seek in the uncertain traditions and obscure archives of many centuries, for the facts of our birth and childhood. There are men still living who were born before the Federal Constitution was elaborated; there are many more who can remember, and were old enough to listen intelligently to those who helped to frame or helped to adopt that Constitution. Even if we go farther back, to the beginning of the English colonies which afterward became the United States, we have not far to search, and in no very dim ways. There are still living men and women whose parents could remember one who had stood face to face and held familiar intercourse with the Mayflower's passengers. All these, indeed, except those still alive, lived far beyond the years allotted by the Psalmist as the length of the life of man; but the fact, nevertheless, is a remarkable evidence of the shortness of our history. And it is not less remarkable as an evidence of the uncertainty of history, that incidents, thus handed down from mouth to mouth through only three generations, should yet be questions of controversy as to the character and the weight of the testimony of those witnesses.

But what we have to say here, it should be understood, is written not for students in American History, nor for those who mean to become such; but for young readers only who want the inclination or the time to gain more than a respectable general knowledge of the subject. Short, comparatively, as the period is which that history covers, there are, as we have just pointed out in a single instance, many events and incidents which are obscure and uncertain, afford-

ing ample ground for disputation for the scholars of each successive generation. A thorough understanding of these, as well as a complete comprehension of all the causes and effects which go to the making of a nation, are only to be learned by long and careful study of the original sources of knowledge. Few have the leisure, fewer still the sustained interest in the subject, for such study. The general reader, still more the young reader, must rely upon the researches of others, and take it for granted that he is not, in the main, misled.

Of books there is no end. There are large and precious libraries of Americana of thousands of volumes. The farther back we go, to the narratives of the earliest discoverers of the New World, the rarer are these volumes, and they are sure to remain as generally inaccessible as they are generally unknown. It is quite safe to say that probably they have never all been read by any one man, and that the number of those that are ordinarily consulted by students is comparatively small. Many of them, we are bold to say, are not worth reading or consulting, as they only tell, in a poor and imperfect way, something of that which is better and more fully told by other authors. Their value—that is, their money value in the book market—is often large, but often factitious, depending, not so much upon their character, as upon their rarity. It is not intrinsic worth that is sought for in many such books, but the gratification of the desire to have something which others have not. The Eliot Bible will readily bring a thousand or twelve hundred dollars at any well-advertised book-sale; for there are but few of them in existence, and there never were many. But a copy was sold, not long since, at a sale not well advertised, for five dollars. The buyer bought, as a not expensive curiosity, an evident translation of the Scriptures into some tongue, African or Asiatic it might be, quite unknown to him. The shrewd dealers did not recognize in it that precious bit of merchandise known to them by catalogue as an Eliot Bible; and not many scholars would have been any wiser, for there is no one now living who can read the book. There are many such rare books bringing equally remarkable prices. In such a work as Eliot's Bible there is much that may appeal to historical enthusiasm or to religious sensibility; but with other books of great rarity and price there are frequently no such influences. It is only a few years since a certain work, which now sells for several hundred dollars, was picked up somewhere by a dealer and bought by a learned bibliophile for about ten dollars. He bought it because he had never heard of it; within a year it brought more than a hundred dollars because it had never been heard of by anybody else. Since then its price has more than tripled. It has no extraordinary merit; but it is extraordinarily scarce.

It is with old books as it is with old china, or other things that may be very old: they may be prized, and really precious, for other good reasons; but it often happens that people who can afford it vie with each other in going a little out of their minds about them only because they are hard to get. Yet the price of the Eliot Bible, or of the old Bay Psalm Book, would buy a respectable historical or theological library for one who may not hunger and thirst after scholarship, but would like, nevertheless, to have a fair knowledge of those subjects. Not less true is it that a young couple might go to house-keeping quite decently and comfortably on the price of some bits of china. Not long ago a virtuoso, about going abroad, was intrusted with a sum of money to purchase a work of art such as his know-

* To be concluded next week.

ledge and good judgment should decide to be suitable for an institution well known for its rich library and gallery of paintings and sculpture. He sent home a tea-cup and saucer. They had no very remarkable beauty. One who should stop to look at them twice, would be a person of rare culture, in a certain way. But they had in the eyes of the purchaser an almost inestimable value. There were only one other cup and saucer like them in the world. The price would have furnished a quite-respectable china-closet; they cost twenty-five hundred dollars.

The young reader, limited in time and means, yet anxious for so much education as is becoming a gentleman, no more needs a knowledge of all the rare volumes, so precious to the collector, but which he might never be able to find, or many of which, if found, he never would or never could read—such young reader no more needs to care for these than the young housewife would care to accept a bit of porcelain, to rest on velvet and be enshrined under glass on a bracket, as compensation for that well-stored china-closet, which she had hoped would daily fill her eyes with satisfaction and her heart with pride. A fondness for china may, indeed, lead to a study of ceramics; so a love for historical research may follow general reading; for 'book openeth book,' and the appetite grows with what it feeds on. The young student who shall enter upon that path will find it leads to a wide domain with a dim and almost limitless horizon. Let him take up, to begin with, the 'Bibliotheca Americana Vetustissima' compiled by Henry Harrisse. It is a volume of 500 pages, containing titles and brief descriptions of about 300 works, large and small, written in English, French, Italian, Spanish, and Latin, previous to 1550—nearly three quarters of a century, that is, before the first tennep was driven by an Englishman within the boundaries of the present United States. These works are, many of them, curious, many entertaining and instructive, many invaluable as history, and many, so rare that without regard to any other quality, they are worth their weight in gold. But there is not in them altogether one essential fact to a hundred pages that has not long ago been dug out by somebody and put in a new setting, so that he who runs—the common gait of all our people—may read.

The true bookworm, who never runs, will thank nobody and heed nobody who tells him this; it is for him to find out for himself where facts are, and where they are not. But he who reads as he runs will be quite content with the assurance that he does not really need to grope his painful way through all the ancient books, or indeed any of them, to be quite well-informed upon America in the XVth and XVIth centuries. In Irving's captivating volumes upon Columbus and his companions, the young reader will find probably all that he will care to know of the earliest Spanish discoveries. But should they arouse in him a desire for a further knowledge of that period, there is not much, if there is anything, in the whole 300 volumes of the 'Vetustissima,' that is not rescued from the dust of the past, and weighed and analyzed in Humboldt's exhaustive 'Examen Critique.' This, however, must be read in French. But the scholar cannot accept even this as the last word upon doubtful points. It is within a year that the Coast Survey has published a monograph by Captain G. V. Fox 'to solve the problem of the first landing-place of Columbus in the New World.' It is a critical work, of much learning and great value; but a book for the student rather than the general reader.

The latter may safely wait for the faithful scholars, whose duty it is to be ever tapping at foundation-stones in search of flaws, to decide whether Guanahani, or San Salvador as Columbus named it, is the present Cat Island, as has hitherto been supposed; or whether it is the present Samana, as Captain Fox maintains with so much ingenuity and critical learning.

Few readers of ordinary diligence will be willing to leave the story of Columbus without seeking to know something of farther Spanish exploration. Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico,' and his 'Conquest of Peru' will suffice them; though here a word of caution may not be amiss—that the tendency of later researches is to tone down the vivid pictures of that brilliant writer. Of the voyages to more northern regions, made by English and French as well as by the Spaniards, that followed up the discoveries of Columbus, all general histories of the United States give, or profess to give, some account. The original or contemporary, narratives of these are not numerous; but there is in a volume by J. G. Kohl, one of the publications of the Maine Historical Society, an admirable summary and discussion of them all, the doubtful and the authentic, illustrated by copies of the earliest maps.

—SYDNEY HOWARD GAY.

Literature

"A History of Latin Literature."*

A GOOD history of Latin literature will find a welcome in America such as it would hardly find anywhere else in the world—not among scholars alone, or mainly, but among the vastly larger class of people who want to be well-informed, and to keep so. Reading, both 'in course' and miscellaneous, is almost a mania with our suburban and rural population; and it is accompanied usually with intelligence and shrewd interpretative powers. Few people are swifter than ours to pick out the kernel of a good book; and the kernel is just as sweet to them coming from an ancient classic as from a modern concoction by the publishers. If our English cousins, when they have the American market in view, would remember this omnivorous tendency, and come to the kernel at once, they would do much toward facilitating labor for our farmers' sons, who will have good books, and much toward reducing that much-talked-of 'American nervousness' among the business classes, who must keep 'posted.' It is an excellent feature of Mr. Simcox's two volumes that they pack away a vast deal of solid matter in a relatively small space; for 900 pages, though a good deal to go over, is small measure for the whole Latin literature. The matter in these volumes is historical, expository, and critical, and must have involved great labor for the author, whose reading for it was evidently wide and painstaking. Each Latin writer, 'from Ennius to Boethius,' had to be gone over, analyzed and criticised, and his antecedents traced in Greek literature, or in earlier native writers. The author has in this way run a pretty continuous parallel between the alien suggestion and the native growth.

It is not too much to say that the greater part of Roman literature was suggested by and built on Greek models, and that the new growth rarely ever reached in precision, lightness of touch, delicacy, or substance, the original from which it sprang. Mr. Simcox's hints as to the sources of each composition will be invaluable to the reader, if the latter will only not rest content with

* A History of Literature, from Ennius to Boethius. By G. A. Simcox, A.M. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Bros.

them, but make the final comparison, as he ought, for himself. For, in criticism, this author is not a good guide. His judgment is immature, or inexperienced. It lacks breadth and depth. Few scholars would accept his views of Horace, for instance, or of Tacitus, or Seneca, as at all adequate in criticism to account for the growing delight with which thinking men in their best days read these rich and witty writers. Who would dream of speaking of the young Horace as a 'remarkable child, of what would now be called a romantic temper?' or of his having a 'perceptible vein of mysticism in his temperament, which commonly accompanies a craving for enjoyment in all but vigorous men of action?' Or who would think of comparing Horace with Tom Moore, or with Wieland? 'All three,' says Mr. Simcox, 'tended more or less to reverie—perhaps it might be said to aspiration—in the intervals of pleasure; and all three, prizing the mood of the moment above everything, were indifferent to what is called the serious business of life, and so ceased to respect the conventions which regulate it; and when respect for conventions has disappeared, respect for religious traditions can hardly maintain itself, except when it is fortified by asceticism.'

These two volumes would be much diminished in size, and in no great degree lessened in value, if the writer had contented himself with a more nearly historical and expository treatment; but he seems to have views on all modern questions—political, social, and religious—and seldom hesitates to present them, although rarely with sufficient elegance, or eloquence, to command a hearing. He is too often petty, and parochial, and—well, we don't quite like to say it, but, like Herbert Spencer and Charles Dickens and the 'Americans,' he is too intellectually 'nervous.' We trust the publishers may soon reach a second edition of the history, so that the many trifling inaccuracies in English may be corrected, and the stiff and unattractive style be softened a little. Bating these comparatively unimportant points of finish, however, the American reader will find the survey of Latin literature useful for its completeness, its fulness, and for the excellent chronological tables, which descend to the minutest particulars.

"The House of a Merchant Prince."*

THE most generous critics of Mr. Bishop's novel will probably confess that it is a little dull; the most conscientious will find themselves obliged to state that it is very, very dull. The *motif* is good; for although the sudden disgrace of merchant princes has long been a favorite theme with novelists, Mr. Bishop's prince is not merely denounced as a forger, but proved not to have been a forger, and yet shown to have been very near to becoming a forger. There is double point here, and the theme could have been worked up into a striking short story, say of thirty or forty pages; but the four hundred pages into which Mr. Bishop has lengthened it, and which James Payn, or the author of 'Val Strange,' or Mrs. Riddell, or almost any French writer, after choosing such a title, would have filled with ingenious and mysterious mercantile transactions, are padded with the material which gives the sub-title to the book—'A Novel of New York;' in other words, with society gossip, hardly above the level of what might be gleaned from the morning papers, and with the latest information as to the decorative art of fashionable rooms, even down to the ruby-velvet mat and open-work table-cloth

of the diner-table, to be studied, we think, with equal satisfaction from the pages of *Harper's Bazar*.

The heroine is neither typical nor unique. She seems to us hardly the average young lady; for when she is good, she is simply what every young girl should be, and when she is bad, she is horrid, with impulses to write to a gentleman who has called infrequently of late that she finds she cannot live without him. The style is utterly commonplace. We are told that the heroine had, not beautiful eyes, but good eyes, which could read the advertisements on the walls of buildings at quite a distance, without glasses; and when she receives Jacqueminot roses from her lover, Mr. Bishop does not forget to mention that they came in a paste board box, nor to state, when she writes an exciting letter, that she rang for a 'district messenger' to take it to its destination. It is indeed surprising that a story of frivolous life, told in such a trivial way, ever found foothold in *The Atlantic*.

And here we would enter a protest against the dreary picture of our city life presented to those who only know it from the mass of novels labelled, 'A Tale of New York.' As *phases* of New York, they might do; for the things they have chosen to depict undoubtedly exist; but when will a novelist be born to draw, not what New York *is*, for it is too many things to be exhibited as a whole in a single story; but some of its other 'phases,' among people 'sincere' about other things than decorative art, and intelligent on other matters than social etiquette? For recent fiction to the contrary notwithstanding, there are people who care nothing for coaching or ruby-velvet mats, who still find New York the most delightful place in the world to live in; more lively than Berlin, yet less frivolous than Paris; more hospitable than Boston, yet more select than San Francisco; more strict than Naples, yet somewhat less conventional than London.

"Bibliotheca Theologica."*

BISHOP HURST has borne new witness to his own scholarly tastes, and has endeavored to meet a general want among theological students and ministers, by his 'Bibliotheca Theologica.' It is often the most difficult thing in the world for a pastor who has been out of the Divinity School for some years to learn what books are available for the investigation of special subjects, and the professors of theology know how much of their time is spent in answering bibliographical questions from their students. The book before us will therefore doubtless have a considerable sale, although it appeals to a professional and not the general public. It observes the usual divisions of exegetical, historical, systematic, and practical theology, and besides the mention of important works under the various heads of these general divisions, it adds, in each division, a long list of special topics, arranged alphabetically, and convenient for reference. It is not an unimportant matter that type and paper are all that could be desired. The difficulties which attend perfect accuracy in a work of this sort are enormous, and it is with a full appreciation of these that we venture upon a few criticisms. The lists are not meant to be exhaustive, but why, when Bomberger's incomplete translation of Herzog's 'Encyclopædie' is mentioned, is the name of the Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia omitted? Why are books like Cox's 'Commentary on Job,' Spurgeon's 'Treasury of David,' etc.,

* The House of a Merchant Prince. By W. H. Bishop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* Bibliotheca Theologica. A select and classified Bibliography of Theology and General Religious Literature. By John F. Hurst, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ignored? Why do we hear nothing of the 'parallel' editions of the New Testament (Greek and English)? These questions might be multiplied. We notice, besides, a good many errors in arrangement, and in other details—*e. g.*, the heading 'Timothy, Titus, and Philémon' is followed only by the words 'see under Thessalonians.' Under 'Thessalonians' there is, however, nothing about these other books; but some study reveals two commentaries on the Pastoral Epistles (Timothy and Titus) under the heading 'Peter,' while Philemon comes in under 'Philippians' and 'Colossians.' In the same connection we have 'The Apocalypse' under 'James!' Perhaps the most remarkable thing of this sort, however, is under the rubric 'Perfectibility.' Here we look for something of interest—in view of the author's ecclesiastical connections; but we find only one book—namely, Prof. Shields's 'Final Philosophy, or System of Perfectible Knowledge,' etc.! Of errors in names, we refer only to the substitution of 'Edward Abbott' for the learned Professor at Cambridge, Ezra Abbot, as American editor of Smith's 'Bible Dictionary,' and the information that 'Johannes' Bleek is author of the 'Introduction to the Old Testament,' while the name of the father and real author, Frederic (Friedrich) Bleek, is mentioned correctly, just above. All which only goes to show that the bibliographical millennium is still far off.

Recent Cook-Books.

ONE is at first astonished to see a book of more than 300 pages devoted wholly to 'Ice-Cream and Cakes' (by an American: Scribner); but examination proves that both names are used in a very wide sense, as the much-derided doughnut and the carefully-disguised bread-pudding find a place among these dainty dishes. In many of the recipes the quantities are very large, and the processes too intricate to be adopted in an ordinary family. Any cook-book which exalts weights above measures will not be entirely satisfactory to experienced housekeepers, who will be unwilling to admit that the directions of this 'American' are unusually accurate when on some occasions he ventures to say, 'Add flour enough to make a soft dough.' However, the book is very attractive, and contains many useful suggestions. It will be invaluable to confectioners and to those who must act in that capacity to their own households.—It would be difficult to find two books treating of the same subject so widely dissimilar as are 'Ice-Cream and Cakes' and 'Choice Dishes at Moderate Cost,' by A. G. Payne (Cassell). The title and general appearance of the latter are very attractive, but a more intimate acquaintance with it is disappointing. The contents are arranged alphabetically instead of being classified, which is always inconvenient, as similar recipes cannot easily be compared. Many of the general remarks are good, but some of them are rather unappetizing, such, for instance, as the following observation: 'Greens are no cheaper when served in green water with a nasty smell, with perhaps one or two caterpillars!' In fact, English and American ideas of what constitutes good cooking are so different that the same cook-book will seldom be popular on both sides of the Atlantic.—Foreign recipes are not very valuable here unless they have been selected with great care, as are most of those which Mrs. E. A. M. has given us in her 'Nonpareil Cook-Book' (Jansen, McClurg & Co.). A residence in Europe has given her an opportunity to add to the results of her own experience many French and German recipes which will be entirely new to American house-

keepers. Some are hardly adapted to families of moderate means and temperance principles, for few will be able to boil a ham 'in enough Madeira wine to cover it,' or to put 'two quarts of brandy and three gallons of sherry wine' into 'mince-meat.' But all the rules are not of this extravagant kind; most of them are excellent, and the general directions at the beginning of each chapter contain many useful hints.—An old friend in a new dress is always welcome, and many readers will be glad to see a new edition of Miss Parloa's 'Appledore Cook-Book' (Boston: A. F. Graves). It is divided into two parts, one for plain and the other for rich recipes; but Miss Parloa's cooking is never too plain to be palatable, and her directions have the advantage of being sufficiently explicit, without going into a bewildering minuteness of detail.

"Emerson as a Poet." *

IN 'Emerson as a Poet,' Mr. Benton has chosen a theme hitherto unaccountably neglected. The rare quality of Emerson's poetry has gained recognition among the choice spirits of our age; the philosopher's disciples, indeed, have given Fame leave to set him higher than Shakspeare, though perhaps a peg lower than Firdusi; but to the common reader his poems are a sealed book, not worth breaking open. The conventional critic finds them irregular in construction, deficient in melody, mystical in thought, obscure in expression. The attitude of the general reading public toward them is one of indifference. As an essayist, their author is granted a very high position; but if he would aspire to win recognition as a poet also, he must mend his methods. 'Byron we know, and Tennyson we know, and Longfellow's lovely verses have sung themselves into our hearts. We think we can detect the movement of true poetry. But here comes one who sings in uncommon measures; whose lines move seldom on the same number of feet; whose rhymes are not always rhymes. Shall he, too, be welcomed as one who has dwelt before the starry threshold of Jove's court?'

Mr. Benton's essay, which half fills this slender volume, was written over a year and a half ago, and has not been materially modified since Emerson's death, although it was not written with that event in view. It is not put forth as an elaborate criticism, but as one which may prompt mightier champions to joust in Emerson's behalf. The tone of the whole essay is one of rapt admiration. The eulogist sees no blemish in the master's work; or, if a blur-spot, or what would be regarded as a blur-spot by less loyal eyes, forces itself upon his attention, it is instantly transformed in his imagination into an ornament of beauty. 'So dense and pervading is Emerson's peculiar and individual force,' Mr. Benton is not afraid to say, 'it might, if properly distributed, be made to equip and light a literary constellation.' 'We must go back to Shakspeare and Milton, among English names, to find an equally enormous endowment. If it does not stream in versatility, it towers in commanding altitude.' He is 'perpetually impressed with the high majesty and solemnity of Emerson's muse.' He finds 'in Emerson's poetry (and the observation touches his prose as well) a constant relation to the breadth of some endless horizon. Each line is an arrow swept across, or into the centre of, the universe; and it is not a common divinity that has drawn the bow.' But this excessive laudation is natural, when we remember that the

* Emerson as a Poet. By Joel Benton. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

writer's position is that of an advocate in an unpopular cause; and if it shall persuade the reader to form his own estimate of Emerson's accomplishment as a poet, it will have answered the author's purpose, and justified his judgment in printing it. It is an excellent short study—bright, well written, and well illustrated with selections from the poet's writings. No one will wish it shorter; and in the constantly widening circle of Emerson's admirers, where it will be welcomed as a timely and well-considered tribute to the memory of a great poet and a great man, regret will be felt at its brevity. The bulk of the volume has been increased by the reprinting from *The Literary World* of Mr. W. S. Kennedy's partial index to familiar passages in the poems; to which is appended a list of magazine and periodical essays on Emerson. The press-work is by Theo. L. De Vinne & Co., which is a sufficient guaranty of excellence; and the attractiveness of the book will be enhanced, in many eyes, by the emblematic design upon the cover, representing a pine tree, a bumble-bee, and an æolian harp. The portrait which prefaces the book, and which is taken from a photograph once owned and admired by Theodore Parker, shows Emerson in his prime, with abundant sweetness and light in the expression, but not the strength we are accustomed to find in his likenesses.

Our readers will be interested in the appended poem, 'written by Emerson when he was twenty-six years old, and which has never appeared in any edition of his works.' 'I am indebted for it,' says Mr. Benton, 'to a friend whose copy of it bears a preface by Col. T. W. Higginson, which says: "It is taken from a little volume called 'The Offering,' which was published by the Cambridge Divinity students in 1829."'

FAME.

AH, Fate! cannot a man
Be wise without a beard?
From East to West, from Beersheba to Dan,
Say, was it never heard
That wisdom might in youth be gotten,
Or wit be ripe before 'twas rotten?

He pays too high a price
For knowledge and for fame
Who gives his sinews to be wise,
His teeth and bones to buy a name,
And crawls through life a paralytic,¹
To earn the praise of bard and critic.

Is it not better done,
To dine and sleep through forty years,
Be loved by few, be feared by none,
Laugh life away, have wine for tears,
And take the mortal leap undaunted,
Content that all we ask was granted?

But Fate will not permit
The seeds of gods to die,
Nor suffer sense to win from wit
Its guerdon in the sky;
Nor let us hide, whate'er our pleasure,
The world's light underneath a measure.

Go, then, sad youth, and shine!
Go, sacrifice to Fame;
Put love, joy, health, upon the shrine,
And life to fan the flame!
Thy hapless self for praises barter,
And die to Fame an honored martyr.

THE Rev. Dr. W. H. Milburn has begun at Chickering Hall a series of eight morning lectures on 'The Great Orators.'

Minor Notices.

It is refreshing to come upon every-day poems, written in a natural home key, with no deep, obscure meanings, or lofty ambitions but uncertain utterance. Miss Margaret Sangster's muse, as revealed in 'Poems of the Household' (Osgood), is fond of home and home scenes; an every-day hard-working muse, who speaks with grace, and has healthy fancies, never far-fetched. We like the poems, and should often open them to read aloud by the fireside. Though they never thrill the sense of novelty, they have a sane, wholesome effect. They are sufficiently correct in form and smooth enough to save the poetic nerves any jolts or halts; and they keep within the bounds of just sentiment, so that they never alarm us for our society.

MOST of us know that in the days of Queen Anne, Joseph Addison wrote essays and Dean Swift wrote satires; that Wren built, and Kneller painted, and Mrs. Bracegirdle was the queen of the stage; that highwaymen took the road by day and Mohawks roystered in the streets by night; that ladies received in bed, and talked scandal over the tea-table; that the newspaper press struggled into existence; that the wits gathered in the coffee-houses, and the yokels assembled at Bartholemew Fair; that everybody gambled, and almost everybody took snuff; and that otherwise things were managed in England much as they are to-day. Mr. John Ashton, who has devoted considerable study to the chap-books of the XVIIIth century, supplements a casual knowledge of the subject with the most prodigious array of facts illustrative of the time, filling two handsome volumes on 'Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne' (Scribner & Welford) with the fruits of his research. They are not presented pictorially, as the novelist or essayist would present them. They are not given systematically, save that every chapter is concerned with a different phase of society. They are not wrought with any literary finish, and we stumble occasionally across sentences like this: 'Colley Cibber is known as much, or more, as a playwright, or poet, as an actor.' At the same time the author deserves credit for indefatigable industry, and for having made a compilation from which all future historians of the time must draw.

Mr. Haynes's "Pseudonyms of Authors."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Upon receiving your note asking for a copy of my index of pseudonyms, I personally visited your office, knowing your habit of merciless attack upon publications on the principle that such a course may give you a character for extraordinary ability and superior judgment. I was careful to state to you, that I knew of one hundred and sixty errors in the first edition, and that several pages would be wholly reconstructed. Page fourteen, that has received so much attention at your hands, I particularly mentioned. Your comments contain no less than twenty-three errors, and present a bitterness that will give you no credit among reflective readers, and no harm to the modest book.

Let us hope that experience will yet teach you, that a hypercritical cynicism will gain you no subscribers.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1883. JNO. EDWARD HAYNES.

Henri Murger in English, Again.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

In answer to an inquiry in THE CRITIC as to Murger's 'Scènes de la Vie de Bohème,' I beg to say that I believe I am the only person who ever translated that delightful book. I was a mere lad at the time I did the work, and my English was sadly French; but I translated the whole book, nevertheless, and it appeared in the columns of the New York *Atlas* (now defunct), as a serial, toward 1861-62.

F. A. SCHWAB.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 13, 1883.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

An essay on Murger can be found in Vol. I of *Sorrow and Song* by Henry Curwen, published by Henry S. King & Co.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb 17, 1883.

M. F. WILSON.

CORNELL and the University of Virginia have joined the band of Colleges, now numbering eleven, which have pledged themselves to support the American School of Classical Studies at Athens.

A Poet's Scorn.

THE following verses will appear in the forthcoming biography of William Cullen Bryant, written by his son-in-law, Mr. Parke Godwin, and published by D. Appleton & Co. They were written in 1814, when Mr. Bryant was in his twentieth year, and appear to have been addressed to some young woman who had not lived up to his belief in her. They were found among the poet's papers, and have never before been published. There are a number of them given in the biography, not for their value as poems, but as shadowing forth a little romantic story :

I knew thee fair—I deemed thee free
From fraud and guile and faithless art ;
Yet had I seen as now I see,
Thine image ne'er had stained my heart.

Trust not too far thy beauty's charms ;
Though fair the hand that wove my chain,
I will not stoop with fettered arms,
To do the homage I disdain.

Yes, Love has lost his power to wound ;
I gave the treacherous homicide,
With bow unstrung and pinions bound,
A captive to the hands of Pride.

Another Letter from Harriet Martineau.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

You may not think the accompanying letter sufficiently interesting for publication ; but such as it is I send it to you, and leave the matter to your own judgment. It interested me because of the perfect calmness with which she alludes to her rapidly approaching death. We hear so much of the perfect fortitude of the religious, that this testimony to the calmness of an atheist is, to say the least, interesting. The letter was written to Mr. Parker Pillsbury, of the anti-slavery movement, who gave it to me.

A. W. R.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1883.

AMBLESIDE, May 24, 1855.

MY DEAR FRIEND : I am glad to hear from you, having requested Mr. Webb to tell you (for I did not know where to find you) that you will be most welcome here if you wish, as Mrs. Carpenter tells me you do, to look in on me on your return from the continent. You are well aware of the doubt of my being still here ; and I am at present so ill, that I feel the doubt very strongly. But if I remain that long, I shall be glad to see you. Whether I can offer you a bed must depend on circumstances : but there is room at my table, and by the side of my sofa.

My love to your daughter and best wishes for many happy years. I think you had better get the 'Playfellow' for her. Twelve is not too old for that book, I think. I might have advised (for the sake of the cause) 'The Hour and the Man,' but I fear it is out of print.

I cannot write more to-day. I tried a drive yesterday and it seems to have done me harm, I am so unusually ill and had an alarming attack last night. Mrs. Chapman's visit was a glorious treat. My autobiography is nearly finished, all the most important part being done. I don't lose my grasp on *Daily News*, the Editor of which tells me your Pro-slavery people are the grief of his life. He knows more than most Englishmen about the whole business, and is stanch.

Thank you heartily, my friend, for your affectionate letters. The Payres are in the south. Rev. Mr. Cotes is going to be married, well. My kind regards to Mr. Bishop. Does he come this way ? I should like to shake hands with him. Yours most truly,

H. MARTINEAU.

IN 'A Key to a New Method for the study of English Literature,' Miss Louise Maertz refers, by page and chapter, to several books for the student, which supplement her teaching, and which enable the instructor to enlarge upon each of the topics touched. The system appears to be a good one. (Chicago : Griggs.)

Obscure References to Coleridge.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

I have been puzzled of late by some references to Coleridge, in a biographical sketch by Charles Wentworth Dilke, in 'Papers of a Critic' (London 1875). In the first volume of this work, p. 32, I find the following statement :

In October, 1834, Mr. Dilke sent a messenger to Paris on behalf of *The Athenaeum* in reference to two matters, of which the first was the Life of Coleridge. This agent writes : 'I have seen the Mr. Underwood to whom Sir E. Bull referred. The letter of Coleridge does not refer to the Regiment, but is about his early "wives." He says Quincey's account is uncommonly true, with two exceptions : (1.) About his being *Treasurer* to Sir A. [sic] Ball, and (2.) About his being *forced* to marry Miss Taylor. He was only Secretary, and was exceedingly enamored of his wife. His appointment of Secretary was thus : Coleridge got hold of a sum of money (Mr. Underwood thinks it was his allowance from the Wedgewoods), and with that he ran off to Malta. There Sir G. Holland, then Mr. Holland and Attorney-General, was at a ball at the Governor's, when he was told a gentleman from England wished to see him. He went out and saw Coleridge. "My God ! What has brought you here ?" "To see you." "Well, as you are here, one must be glad to see you. Come and have some supper." This was the meeting. Coleridge was soon introduced to Sir E. Ball and appointed Secretary, but was so totally inefficient that they could not get on.'

Here are difficulties enough ! Besides the queer jumbling of 'Ball' and 'Bull,' these questions naturally suggest themselves : What was the 'Life of Coleridge' in which Dilke seems to have been interested in 1834 ?—the year of Coleridge's death. What is the meaning of the reference to 'his early wives ?' Who was Miss Taylor ? It is presumable that the 'Quincey' whose 'account' is mentioned was Thomas de Quincey, for in the 'Literary Reminiscences' of that writer (Ticknor & Fields, 1865), I find the following passages :

From 1803 to 1808, I was a student at Oxford ; and on the first occasion when I could conveniently have sought for a personal knowledge of one whom I contemplated with so much admiration, I was met by a disgusting assurance that he had quitted England, and was then residing at Malta in the quality of secretary (and occasionally as treasurer) to the governor (Vol. I., p. 155). 'Coleridge . . . assured me that his marriage was not his own deliberate act ; but was in a manner forced upon his sense of honor by the scrupulous Southey, who insisted that he had gone too far in his attentions to Miss F— for any honorable retreat. (Vol. I., p. 179.)

I believe there is no doubt that Coleridge married Miss Sarah Fricker in 1795, and that he was at Malta in 1804 ; but I have sought in vain for any satisfactory explanation of the bewildering statements of Mr. Dilke's 'agent.' Is it not a little curious that there is no complete and authoritative life of Coleridge ? Gillman's work was never finished, and the account (by H. N. Coleridge) in the biographical supplement to Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria' stops short at the year 1796, and is only continued in the most fragmentary manner by his daughter, Sara Coleridge. So far as I know, these are the only authoritative memoirs, for the rambling and immethodical volumes of Allsop and Cottle cannot be so considered. Any light which can be shed upon these matters can hardly fail to be welcome to many scholars, as well as to the

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., Feb. 18, 1883.

INQUIRER.

R. M. JOHNSTON'S 'Modern German Religious Poets,' in *The Catholic World*, is an interesting study from a Catholic standpoint. The delicate question 'Was it Love of the Truth that made M. Renan an Infidel ?' is answered negatively in an article under this caption, translated from a paper in 'that excellent French periodical, *La Controverse*.'

The Critic

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

THE one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Washington Irving will be commemorated by G. P. Putnam's Sons by the publication of a memorial edition of his Life and Letters. The edition will be in three quarto volumes, and will be limited to 300 copies. It will be printed from new type, on hand-made paper, manufactured especially for the purpose; and illustrated with sixty portraits of Irving's literary contemporaries. With these will be given a portrait of Irving himself, at the age of twenty-five, engraved from a recently-discovered miniature; and a portrait of his fiancée, Miss Matilda Hoffman, which has never before been put upon the block. An appropriate contribution to the work will be a new portrait of the late Mr. G. P. Putnam. Mr. Putnam was not Irving's first publisher, as many have supposed; but he prevented him from laying down his pen and turning to other than literary pursuits. The Philadelphia firm that had published Irving's works decided to bring out no new editions, believing that there would be no sale for them. When Irving received the letter announcing their intention, he turned to his nephew, almost with tears in his eyes, and said: 'They do not want my work any more. I am of a past generation. I must try some other business.' For three years no new books of his were published, and no new editions of the old ones were brought out. About this time Mr. Putnam, who had been for several years in England, returned home, determined to be a publisher on his own account. Learning that Irving's works were in the market, he bought them, and wrote to the author that he would guarantee him \$1000 a year, and pay him the regular copyright on the old books and any new ones that he might write. Irving was delighted with this offer. 'Here is a publisher who believes in me,' he would say, waving Mr. Putnam's letter before the eyes of his friends. And the publisher's faith was rewarded. Not \$1000 but \$10,000 a year was paid by him to Irving, who wrote some of his most famous books after the Philadelphia publishers had given him up as 'unsaleable.'

Mr. E. C. Stedman has written a preface for the edition of Poe's 'Raven,' illustrated by Doré, which Messrs. Harper are to publish.

It is said that Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is to receive \$20,000 for her memoirs, in two volumes, to be published under the title 'Ma Vie au Théâtre.'

'G. W. S.' writes to the *Tribune* that Mr. Louis J. Jennings is the author of the flippant paper on American novels recently published in *The Quarterly Review*. An editorial writer in the *Tribune* declares that Mr. Jennings is also the author of a puff of that article which appeared in the cable columns of the *World*.

Zion's Herald reads, 'with pleasing surprise, the devout and reverent tribute' which Walt Whitman, in his article on 'The Bible as Poetry,' in a recent number of THE CRITIC, 'pays, with evident sincerity, to the matchless beauty, tenderness and power of these ancient, inspired Oracles.' 'How more than passing strange,' comments the *Chicago Standard*, 'that, seeing the poetic beauty of the Bible, a man cannot accept its spiritual beauties, more real and more easily seen by the eyesight of faithful desire.'

The Christian Union will publish during March a series of short papers on beginning a home, a library, reading, a Christian life, etc., by Washington Gladden, Marion Harland, A. R. Scoville, Margaret Sangster, W. Aikman, Laicus, Hamilton W. Mabie, and others. The series will bear the general title, 'How to Begin.'

The Lippincotts have in press a curious work, edited by A. Arthur Reade, and entitled 'Study and Stimulants, or the Use of Intoxicants and Narcotics in Relation to Intellectual Life, as Illustrated by Personal Communications on the Subject, from Men of Letters and of Science.' Among the most famous of the men who have contributed their own experiences to the volume are the Duke of Argyll, Matthew Arnold, Alexander Bain, Paul Bert, J. S. Blackie, Louis Blanc, F. Madox Brown, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Wilkie Collins, E. A. Freeman, Professor Edison, H. Greville, E. Haeckel, Thomas Hardy, W. D. Howells, Sir John Lubbock, Rev. James Martineau, Professor Newman, Charles Reade, H. Taine, Ivan Tourguéneff, A. Trollope, Mark Twain and Professor Tyndall.

In his 'Recollections of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley' (Scribner), Dean Bradley says that Lady Augusta Stanley's usual seat at the Deanery was at a table where, after her death, stood her bust in marble, a few feet from where her husband stood at his desk, plying his daily task of Jewish history, or sermon, or lecture, or article, or letters, yet ever ready to turn aside for a few moments' conversation or rest, and then to resume his work where he had left it.

Mr. Henry James has written a paper on 'Du Maurier and London Society,' for *The Century Magazine*.

Professor Austen Phelps has written a volume on 'English Style in Public Discourse, with Special Relation to the Usages of the Pulpit,' and Dr. Marvin R. Vincent has written a volume on 'The Shadow of the Pyrenees,' both of which will be published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

A. Williams & Co. will publish shortly, a translation, by Louise T. Jackson, of Judith Gautier's monograph, 'Richard Wagner and his Poetical Work—from Rienzi to Parsifal.'

A. C. Armstrong & Son announce a new revised edition of Dean Stanley's 'Sinai and Palestine,' which has been out of print.

The new announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons include 'Golden Sands'; a translation of 'Ethical Counsels,' from the French; 'Brain Rest,' by Dr. J. Leon Corning; two Transatlantic Novels, 'My Trivial Life and other Misfortunes,' and 'King Capital,' by James Sime; a new Knickerbocker Novel, 'The Sible Affair,' by the author of 'The Leavenworth Case'; and two editions, one paper-covered, of Irving's 'Washington.'

Mr. F. C. Burnand, editor of *Punch* and dramatic author, contributes 'a sketchy kind of biography, jerkily put together,' of himself, to the February number of *The Theatre*. The reader gleans from this autobiography that Mr. Burnand is well satisfied with his career, which, as far as *Punch* is concerned, was begun seventeen years ago. A very realistic portrait of Mr. Burnand accompanies the sketch, and shows him to be a fiercely-whiskered man with an exceedingly mild expression.

The first edition of Mrs. Clemmer's 'Poems of Life and Nature' having been sold during the past two months, Messrs. Osgood will issue another edition at once.

A correspondent, who regards the author of 'A Modern Instance' as 'the best living novelist of either England or America, not excepting Mr. James,' writes from Florence that Mr. Howells 'is very popular here, and much fêted, which is gratifying in one sense, but I fear injurious to the forthcoming novel.'

Edward Eggleston is the master of a dry and cutting humor. Witness this from his historical essay in the *March Century*:—Next to New England, the proprietors of East Jersey looked to Scotland for immigrants, especially during the time of the Episcopal intrusion, when the Apostolic succession of bishops was borne in upon the conscience by imprisonments, gibbets, thumb-screws, mutilations, massacres, ravishing of women, and drowning in the tide.

In the second instalment of a series of short articles on 'Extinct Local Magazines,' Mr. J. Cooper Morley commemorates, in the February *Bibliographer* (Bouton), *The North Lonsdale Magazine*, a monthly review of folk-lore and legendary history, topography and biography, which died at the age of eight months in February, 1867.

Ex-Secretary of State Blaine is said to be at work on a two-volume history, to be entitled: 'Twenty Years of Congress—from Lincoln to Garfield. A History of National Legislation from 1861 to 1881.' If Mr. Blaine can make this history as picturesque as his state-papers under the Garfield administration, it should yield a fortune to the Connecticut subscription company which is said to be interested in its publication.

Messrs. Fords, Howard & Hulbert write: 'Apropos of the little paragraph about the late Dr. Edward H. Knight's connection with Bryant's "Library of Poetry and Song," which you quote, it is very old "news," but seems to have a sort of recurring attractiveness, probably because it is of so little importance that writers and readers soon forget what has been said about it. The part which Dr. Knight took in the preparation of the book, a most useful but subordinate one, was very fully recognized by the publishers and by Mr. Bryant, in 1877, in their respective prefaces to the revised edition of the book.'

'Games and Songs of American Children,' compiled by W. W. Newell, is announced by Harper & Bros.

Appropos of the current discussion of American fiction, both in this country and in Europe, Mr. J. H. Morse has written for *The Century* a carefully critical paper, to be printed in two parts, on 'The Native Element in American Fiction.' It will come down to date, from the period before the Civil War.

Dr. Lansdell, author of 'Through Siberia,' has prepared for publication a volume on his recent journey to Bokhara.

From *The Athenæum* we learn that among the interesting 'lots' disposed of at the sale of the library of the late Dr. John Brown, author of 'Rab and his Friends,' were a copy of Virgil, in two volumes, with Byron's autograph and a long note in the poet's handwriting; several of the volumes on art edited by Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, and given by him to Dr. Brown; a copy of Mark Twain's 'Sketches' (two volumes, 1875), inscribed 'To Dr. John Brown, with the love of Mark Twain (otherwise Saml. L. Clemens), Hartford, December, 1875;' and a copy of Ruskin's Poems (1850), which sold for £32 11s.

Mr. Whittaker is to publish an American edition of the Rev. Joseph A. Beet's Commentaries on Romans and Corinthians.

More than six pages are given up, in the February *Antiquary* (Bouton), to a transcript of the curiosities contained in the Register of the Parish of St. Andrew, Hertford, for the hundred years from 1560 to 1660. The register of burials includes the periods of some of the most dreadful epidemics that have ravaged England, and is terribly suggestive. Perhaps the quaintest entry in the narrow vellum volume is that which records the birth of Samuel Bevis: '30th Nov: 1652. Being Tuesday about xj. of ye Clock in ye Night of ye same day, Samuel, Sonn of Thomas Bevis, was borne.'

THE petition to Congress recently presented by Mr. S. S. Cox is a protest 'against the proposed change in the import laws by which books and printed matter from abroad will be admitted free of duty, unless all materials entering into the manufacture of books are also similarly admitted without duty.' The closing paragraph runs as follows: 'It is believed that if books be entered free, and not materials, it would compel publishing houses generally to transfer, to a great extent, the manufacturing of their books to foreign countries.' The protest is signed by D. Appleton & Co., Harper & Bros., A. S. Barnes & Co., Baker, Pratt & Co., Charles T. Dillingham, John Wiley & Sons, John Wiley's Sons, Orange Judd & Co., Iverson, Blakeman, Taylor & Co., Fowler & Wells, Dodd, Mead & Co., James Miller, George R. Lockwood & Son, and R. Worthington.

EXPLORATIONS in American archæology have never been so active as now. At the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held two years ago in Cincinnati, nearly forty persons were prepared with essays or cabinets showing studies in this direction. At the last meeting also there were many. There is in Europe a Congrès des Americanistes, which has paid much attention to this subject, and the work of Lord Kingsborough has familiarized many people in the Old World with the antiquities of Mexico. The recent accounts by M. Desiré Charnay, as well as the older ones by Stephens and others, of explorations in Central America, are to be followed by a description of what has been found in three cities of Guatemala, by Mr. A. P. Maudsley, an Englishman, who has just left home for the third time to pursue his researches. A great number of the mounds of Ohio, Illinois, and other Western and Southern States, have been carefully examined, and much has been learned of the habits and customs of those who erected them. Some counties have been entirely surveyed—as, for instance, Butler County, Ohio—and a thorough and complete analysis has been given of what has been found. Discoveries are also being made every year in the region occupied by the Pueblo Indians. A cabinet in New York City, containing implements of the Stone Age, from the Old World, would be of great value to American archæologists for purposes of comparison.

MR. M. D. CONWAY's paper on Gladstone, in *The North American Review* for March, is critical rather than biographical. The tone is eulogistic, but not unduly so. While Mr. Conway speaks of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman in the highest terms, he says that to 'the artist, the philosopher, the scientist, to every progressive investigator in non-political subjects, Mr. Gladstone

is a chief of the Philistines.'—We have already spoken of some of the articles in this month's *Atlantic*, but we would like to call special attention to Mr. Henry James's paper on Salvini. The farewell engagement of the great tragedian at the Academy of Music adds to the interest of an essay of which he is the subject. What Mr. James has to say is at once critical and appreciative, and his essay should turn the attention of serious lovers of the drama to the stage which this complete actor now adorns.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer's 'Parsifal at Baireuth,' in the March *Harper's*, is much more 'timely' than the author could have dreamed of making it. The death of Wagner heightens its interest, and awakens a keen sense of regret in the bosoms of those who missed hearing the recent performances at Baireuth. The portrait of the composer which accompanies the article is a new one, and shows clearly the characteristic features of his strong face.—In an interesting paper in *The Century*, Mr. Roger Riordan introduces to the readers of that magazine the Architectural League of New York. Even those who knew of the existence of this club or association were hardly aware of the extent to which it has grown within the past two years. No art is making more rapid strides in America than that of architecture.—All who are interested in the discoverer of America will read Mr. James Davie Butler's article on the 'Portraits of Columbus' in *Lippincott's Magazine*. The writer has apparently been at great pains to gather his facts, which will be prized by historical societies. A valuable note on the vexed Indian question is 'The Civilized Indian,' which follows Mr. Butler's paper, and is contributed by A. M. Williams, who describes the Cherokee at home.

MR. P. B. DU CHAILLU'S suit against Harper & Bros. to recover damages for losses alleged to have been sustained by him from their refusal to supply the public demand for his book, 'The Land of the Midnight Sun,' is one in the result of which every publisher in the land is as much concerned as the firm which holds the position of defendant. If Mr. Du Chaillu has a case against Harper & Bros., then any author whose works have been bound in green cloth may persuade himself that brown would have been a better-selling color, and at once bring suit for damages. A verdict in Mr. Du Chaillu's favor—a result too absurd to be possible—would necessitate an entirely new form of contract between publisher and author, and one which the Du Chaillus of literature would not find as pleasant as the present form. The plan of the veteran, Mr. John Murray, who binds himself to nothing, might be generally adopted. The case of Du Chaillu vs. Harper & Bros. is a particularly unfortunate one, as the great book-selling machinery of the Franklin Square house was worked enthusiastically in the plaintiff's behalf. Few books have been so extensively advertised. Both *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* published chapters from it, thereby introducing it to the attention of hundreds of thousands of readers. All this created a demand for the book, which, although the price was fixed at \$7.50, exhausted an edition of about 8,000 copies in a single year. But traveling through the far West, Mr. Du Chaillu found that certain booksellers were temporarily without copies of 'The Land of the Midnight Sun,' owing to the inability of the Harper presses to meet the demand for them. Hence his wrath. Perhaps if he had stopped to consider that the publishers' interest in the sale of the book was quite as great, if not greater, than his own, he would not have brought suit against them. Publishers may not be saints, but preventing the sale of their own publications is not one of their weaknesses.

Science

The Assos Explorations.

PROF. CHARLES ELIOT NORTON, of Harvard, lectured at Chickering Hall, on the evening of February 15th, on the explorations now being carried on by the Amer-

ican Archæological Institute—chiefly those on the site of the old Greek city of Assos. The lecturer gave an able sketch of the strides onward which have been made by the modern science of archæology—scarce yet a century old—and showed that although for many years the great nations of Europe have with generous rivalry furthered this study, and have given us, for instance, a knowledge of Egypt and of Mesopotamia greater than can have been possessed concerning themselves by any one generation of those old nations, America, until the Expedition of the Institute set out two years ago for Asia Minor, had contributed virtually nothing to our knowledge of classical antiquity. All scholars in every branch, even in the exact sciences, must learn from Greece; for, in all, Greece took the first steps which rendered possible subsequent advance; and Greek civilization, with all its drawbacks, was the highest that has been attained by man. Hence the importance of acquiring exact knowledge of the intellectual and material conditions which produced Greek civilization. The sculptures and the early Doric architecture of Assos, which have been discovered by our Expedition, represent the school-boy stage of Greek work, still under the narrowing influences of Oriental traditions, but about to shake them off and to begin its independent movement toward supreme excellence. There is no nobler Street of Tombs in the world than that of Assos, commanding glorious views over the rugged ridges of Homeric Ida, on the one hand, and over the blue Ægean to beautiful Lesbos, on the other. It was not merely the resting place of the dead, but the favorite resort of the living, well fitted by nature and by art to supply that consolation yearned for by all who have lost their dear ones. Our American life lacks chiefly dignity and repose—qualities preëminently Greek. In the turmoil of modern pursuits, if the intelligence is not exercised and the mind raised above the sordid details of business, the faculties are likely to become deadened to all that is true and noble. Those who support the Institute may justly feel that they are promoting work which may increase, be it ever so little, the interest of their own lives.

There are now on exhibition, in the flat cases on the north side of the main hall of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, a number of the beautiful drawings which have been sent home to the Archæological Institute by its representatives at Assos,—Messrs. Clarke and Bacon. These drawings are not only of great value in themselves, but interesting from the testimony afforded by them of the energy and ability of the chiefs of the Expedition.—Case XXXII. (the first toward the west) contains maps of the Troad and of the site of Assos, a view of the Akropolis in its present state, a section of the Akropolis restored, showing the abruptness of the slope to the sea, and plans of the stoa plateau and of the vicinity of the theatre.—In Case XXXIII. are drawings of details of the city walls, of the old Greek bridge and the modern port, and of the large and important stone standard of liquid measure discovered by the Expedition in 1881.—In Case XXXIV. are two beautiful drawings, by Mr. Bacon, of the great sculptured sarcophagus which, raised on a lofty base, forms one of the most important monuments of the Street of Tombs. In one view it is shown restored, with a graceful girl sitting pensively on the step beside the memorial altar, which she has wreathed with flowers and palm leaves; the other represents it as it now is, shattered by the treasure-hunter, yet imposing in its desolation. This sarcophagus resembles in design the

large unfinished sarcophagus from Tarsos exhibited in the south-east corner of the main hall of the Museum. In the same Case, and in Case XXXII., are other illustrations of the Street of Tombs. Especially noteworthy is the 'Larichos' burial enclosure of a family or society, enclosed with a wall and parapet against which is a sculptured seat, and containing many burial places, several of which are marked by inscriptions.

In Case XXXV. is placed one of the most important achievements of the Expedition—Mr. Clarke's plan of the ancient temple showing the outline of every slab of the pavement, and every ancient line and mark, besides his restorations of the elevation of the building, and of its chief architectural details.

Case V. contains drawings of a number of Assian mosaics, affording interesting material for comparison with those of Pompeii, which are probably later in date. A very large sketch in water-color gives in facsimile two vigorously drawn griffins, facing each other, and separated by a rosette. Both monsters are winged and have leopards' bodies; but one has the head of an eagle while the other has that of a lynx. In color they are white and gray, with sparing touches of brilliant scarlet and yellow; the ground is formed of dark blue, brown, and green pebbles, the tints being admirably blended. Smaller drawings represent more elaborate designs in mosaic; the centre-piece of one is the familiar Pompeian subject of two girls weighing a Love with a pair of scales, while other Loves flit around them. At either side of the richly ornamented circle containing this subject is a pair of Victories, with a tripod between them.—In Case XXXVI. are the photographs from Assos which have been described already in *THE CRITIC*; and Case XXXVII. contains examples of the temple sculptures, including the characteristic sphinxes and the two remarkable centaur reliefs, one of which presents the ordinary form of centaur, and the other the archaic form in which the monster has human fore-legs.

February 18, 1883.

THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

The Fine Arts

"The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland."*

THIS is one of those books on art concerning which one wonders why they have not been translated before. Yet it was only in 1875 that it appeared. The next year Fromentin died, and France lost one of her most delicate and spiritual critics—one of her brightest and most pleasing painters of landscape-genre. So that it was long after his apprenticeship to a notary, his trials of art in the atelier of Cabot, his journeyings to Algiers for an archæological society, that Fromentin devoted himself carefully to a study of the masterpieces of Dutch and Belgian art that are preserved in Holland and Belgium. While he was winning fame, riches, and an assured standing in Paris, with books on the Sahara, and paintings of life in the desert, he must also have been studying such works of Dutch art as the Louvre afforded, if indeed he did not make more than one earlier trip to Holland. The importance of Dutch painting was realized by him when a youth, as we learn from Gonse's biography. He seems to have done serious work in the criticism of Dutch art only toward the last. There is some haste noticeable in these delightful chapters; and a disposition to leave questions undecided, such as one may observe in the writings of contempo-

* *The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland. (Les Maîtres d'Autrefois)* By Eugène Fromentin. Tr. by Mrs. M. C. Robbins. Boston: Osgood.

raries like Prosper Mérimée, will not please those who demand that conclusions on matters of art shall be definite and final. 'Les Maitres d'Autrefois' is stirring to the mind; it excites and stimulates the reader. But it must be confessed that it does not leave very definite ideas behind; there is difficulty in recalling what it is that Fromentin has been teaching; his conclusions have not been presented with the roundness and tangibility that impress the memory. It is the same with his pictures, which attract, charm and hold you, when you see them, they are so graceful and clever, so finely painted, so delicate in color-adjustments, so pleasantly composed, so thoughtful and bright. But they do not linger fondly in the memory; they are not very warm or very deep. 'Les Maitres d'Autrefois' is, however, most intelligent and learned in art, full of brilliant suggestions and truthful criticisms, and for most readers will throw a flood of light on a subject which people are supposed to understand, but very seldom do. It will be a strange reader, among those who understand the old masters of Holland and Belgium, who is not impressed by the excitement which Fromentin shows, and interested and enlightened by his struggles to understand them and explain their beauties and defects. Rubens and Rembrandt are naturally the main leaders; and in connection with them, excellent chapters deal with Ruysdael, Cuyp, Paul Potter, Franz Hals, Terburg, Metser, and De Hoogh, Van Dyck, Maulling, and the Van Eycks. The notes taken during a trip (or trips) to Holland are often used almost as they were made on the spot; and hence the book sometimes has a fragmentary look. 'To tell the truth,' wrote Fromentin, 'these studies will be only notes, and these notes the disconnected and disproportionate elements of a book to be made in a more special manner than those which have been made up to this time—a book in which philosophy, æsthetics, nomenclature and anecdotes will hold less place, and the questions of the craft much greater place.' As the technical questions in painting are assuming every year a more popular phase, and the public here seems to be in process of enlightenment regarding them, perhaps a book dealing as fully as this with matters of the painter's craft will find favor. Its make-up as well as its contents give it the right to win its way among all who love fine paintings.

Art Notes.

THE Museum of Cluny has opened to the public the room in which its collection of ancient boots, shoes, and other foot-coverings, bequeathed to the city of Paris by Jules Jacquemart, is arranged. It is said to be the most complete collection of the kind ever made. It begins with the sandals of the Egyptian mummies and goes on with the boots, babouches and patins of Africa, the gold and silver embroidered slippers of Turkey, Syria and Arabia, the papouzes from India and Persia, and the tiny shoes of the Chinese ladies, after which come the mocassins of the North American Indians. The second part of the collection comprises the poulaines of the XVth century; the patins with red heels of Henri II.; those of the Venetian courtesans; the shoes worn by Catherine de Medicis and Henri de Montmorency; the various fashions of the reigns of Louis XIII., XIV., XV., and XVI., including the sacerdotal shoes of the XVIIth and XVIIIth centuries, with their gorgeous gold embroideries; and, finally, the modes of the Empire and the Republic.

The publishers of *L'Art* (Bouton) offer to subscribers for the new year an etching, by Charles E. Wilson, of George Morland's painting, 'The Farmer's Stable,' now in the National Gallery, London.

The Drama

MR. SALMI MORSE's attempt to revive the miracle-play of the middle ages has occupied public attention during

the week. Historically he has all the precedents in his favor. Biblical representations were not only encouraged, but invented, by the church; they were enacted wholly by monks; they were made a very potent means of education. It was only when they passed into the hands of laymen, when they were performed in the market-place, when the element of buffoonery was introduced, when Pilate and Herod cracked jokes on their throne and Satan sang comic songs, that the clerical sanction was withdrawn, and then the miracle-play was transferred into the morality, and the morality in turn begot the modern drama. So that Mr. Morse had only to show that his performances were perfectly decorous, and his opponents were convicted of a bigotry greater than that displayed by the Church in the most bigoted epoch of its history.

Theatrically, however, the enemies of the Passion Play are likely to be avenged. Nothing more innocuously dull can well be imagined than Mr. Morse's representation. It is not wholly his fault. There is nothing dramatic in the life of Christ. Matchless as a narrative it is purposeless as a play. To be woven into a drama it would either have to turn on the plot which ended in the crucifixion, or must else be wrought on wholly fictitious lines like those of the 'Prophète' of Eugène Scribe. Either method would be offensive to Christians, and it would be odious to see the Man of Sorrows escaping from his perils like a hero of melodrama, or declaiming like a baritone of opera. And unless the story of the Gospels is constructed as M. Victorien Sardou and his fellows would construct it, it is merely a series of pictures, panoramic not dramatic. In its whole range there is only one piece of dialogue adapted to stage uses, and that is the word-play with the Pharisees and Sadducees. There is only one scene which fulfils the theatrical conditions, and that is Peter's denial of Christ, foretold in Gethsemane and confirmed by the crowing of the cock. The rest is episodic and disjointed.

Mr. Salmi Morse has made very slight efforts to dramatize the narrative. He is content to show familiar scenes and let the action take care of itself. He introduces us to the Temple, filled with mothers who have come to bring their offerings and men who have come to hear the reading of the law. Costumes and mountings are archæologically correct, and, despite the imitation babies, the scene is not ludicrous, it is merely insignificant. Who can believe this to be the mighty fane which the Israelites built when they returned from the captivity? Who can imagine these buxom, comely dames to be the mothers of Israel, waiting for the advent of the Redeemer? There comes from the midst of them, pallid, woe-begone, a woman of haggard features, black-browed, with hair bedraggled, her eyes cast submissive on the ground. This is the Virgin. What can have possessed Mr. Morse that he should thus deform the Madonna, the Madonna of Italian art, the Madonna whose face has set for all time a new type of spiritual loveliness? It is no defence that the Virgin of Nazareth was wholly unlike the Virgin of Raphael. Centuries of tradition have grown over every incident and personage in the Gospels, and though the mother of Christ, as modern Christians know her, is merely the creation of painters and poets, she cannot be otherwise represented without a shock to the artistic sentiment which is so closely interwoven with the religious emotions.

As the Virgin stands before the high priest, Simeon apostrophizes the babe in her arms, not in the beautiful prayer which the evangelists put in his mouth, but in a

turgid rhodomontade written by Mr. Morse. Then Anna, the prophetess, takes up her parable, and, forgetting that she is a widow of fourscore and four years, raves hoarsely about the Messiah in the guise and after the manner of Meg Merriles. Whereupon an emissary arrives from Herod the Great, bringing orders for the slaughter of the innocents. Confronted with the infant Christ, he raises his arm to kill, but it is instantly stricken down, and, turning to the crowd, the emissary gives glory to God. Mr. Morse follows up this fictitious little incident by showing the killing of the children, the mothers rushing with ear-piercing screams down the Bethlehem hills, the Roman soldiers standing over them with drawn swords. It is plainly introduced as the sensational scene of the piece, and, as such, quite fails to impress an audience accustomed to houses on fire, deserted rafts, dynamite explosions, and the like. Moreover, it is open to the objection that if sensational scenes are permissible in a Passion Play, there is no reason why the marriage in Cana should not be reproduced with full pantomimic effects, why the miracles should not be presented as a sort of harlequinade, and why the stage carpenter should not invent a device to show Christ stilling the waves or walking upon the sea.

In the succeeding act Mr. Morse works out a climax, and it is, therefore, being fashioned on theatrical rules, the one effective act of the play. It is the act of Herod's banquet, of Salome's dance, of John the Baptist's death. There is no care to explain why Herodias seeks John's life, or why Herod long refuses to pronounce his sentence. The writer of a biblical play has, however, the advantage that he cannot be misunderstood, and the spectators readily learn that while the tetrarch and his wife are disputing over the Baptist, the forces of Galilee and Petrea were in the field, contesting with some enemy unknown to scripture. Herod sits gloomily on his throne, and Salome comes with six maidens to dance before him. It is a stately dance, with much arm-swaying and clashing of cymbals, something like the opening measures of the Indian nautch. It is not in the least degree voluptuous or lascivious, but it seems to have surpassing attractions for the weak-minded Herod, and he pledges his word to give Salome what she will. She hesitates what to ask, and two messengers come from the battle-field, saying that the fight still rages and is still indecisive. Whereupon Salome demands John the Baptist's head: the weak ruler fights against the clamor of the priests and then throws them his sceptre; the head is brought in beneath a napkin, and laid on the steps of the throne; and while Herodias is exulting, and the priests are in jubilation, a third messenger comes and announces that Herod's army is destroyed. 'See,' cries the frightened tetrarch, 'the retribution has already begun;' and the curtain falls on a situation which is effective because it is properly wrought.

It is a solitary flash. Its unexpected radiance makes the succeeding gloom more thick than ever. Christ is presented in four scenes—at the brook Kedron with his apostles; in the Garden of Gethsemane: in the Pretorium before Pilate; and, allegorically, in his martyrdom and ascension. He has little to say or do. Once seen, robed in the garb of tradition, he satisfies curiosity and thenceforward ceases to interest. His sorrows are presented just as they are written in the Bible, and therefore lie wholly outside the pale of the drama. In the Garden of Gethsemane there is neither shock nor surprise. Christ goes to be betrayed; he knows that the hour is come and he is ready. The kiss of Judas is

supererogatory, for the officers of the Temple must have known the Nazarene, and if they did not know him, he would have declared himself. So, in the scene before Pilate, the interest is lost in the meekness of the accused. He makes no fight for life. He refuses to answer the taunts of the priests and elders. He bears buffeting and contumely without a word, and the monotony of his suffering is only broken by the conflict of Pilate and the mob. It is a scene for a painter, not a playwright; for the brush of a Muncacksy, not the pen of a Morse.

In short, both Mr. Morse and his opponents are in error. His opponents are in error for opposing that which would fall of its own weight. Mr. Morse is in error for attempting that from which the greatest dramatists have shrunk, and for bringing to his work nothing but archæological knowledge and an immense zeal. The Play of the Passion has yet to be written: it must be written by one who is both poet and playwright, and in these days of ours, when poetry has drifted away from the stage, and, for that matter, from the church, it is doubtful whether the life of Christ will ever be worthily portrayed.

Music

Symphony Society.—Fourth Concert.

SINCE their third concert this season, the Symphony Society have made a marked advance; but there is still plenty of room for improvement. The wind, both brass and wood, is still the weakest section of the orchestra, and if Dr. Damrosch can only bring it up to the level now reached by his strings, he will be able to compete on more even terms with the rival Society. There is no reason in the world why New York should not support two orchestras devoted to the production of symphonic and concerted music, but it must be confessed that the small share of favor bestowed on those at present existing is due rather to the faults of the Societies than to the apathy of the musical public. A programme chosen with much discretion was offered at the fourth concert of the Symphony Society last Saturday, and on the whole it was more than creditably delivered. Beethoven's Symphony in D was played throughout with feeling and sympathy, and the *largo* in especial was noteworthy for its perfect rendering. The 'Parsifal' number (Good Friday Spell) was not altogether pleasing; but this may be due to the fact that a section thus rudely torn from a great and harmonious whole, and given as a concert-piece, is bound to be partially unintelligible and wholly unsatisfactory. It is curious that the late composer's leading principle should be so constantly set aside by conductors. The personal interest and timely compliment attaching to the Funeral March from the 'Götterdämmerung' made it one of the most striking pieces of the evening, and the audience received this tribute to Wagner's memory with reverent attention. The 'Lamento e Trionfo' from Liszt's Symphonic Poem of 'Tasso' was well reserved for the close. It is a masterly piece of musical construction, and one which will well bear repetition. Mme. Madeline Schiller who was the soloist, played Chopin's Concerto in F-minor. Though handicapped by a poor accompaniment, she played this graceful and delicate composition with the grace and delicacy it called for, and at the same time displayed a command of technique which never degenerated into trick or display. This is a negative quality which, in these days, almost amounts to a positive virtue. It hardly seems too much to say that Mme.

Schiller is the most musicianly pianist now with us. Her range is not very extended, but within its limits, everything she does is marked by the touch of a true musician and sympathetic artist. As before hinted, her orchestral support was not at all what it should have been. For no apparent reason, the number of strings was considerably reduced, and the volume of sound thus deprived of richness and fulness of tone. Little dependence can ever be placed on the horns, but the fact must be commented on that one of the most striking passages was altogether ruined in this instance by the collapse of the French horn. It may be noted too that throughout the evening the wind was markedly out of tune with the strings.

Yet, despite the above strictures, the Symphony Society are to be congratulated on having rendered an interesting programme in a more than creditable fashion. Should they improve at their present rate of progress, the next concert will be a noteworthy one.

The Boston Ideal Opera Company.

THE Boston Ideal Opera Company is an organization which hardly seems to receive the attention and consideration at the hands of the press which it deserves. It is the only American opera company, devoted to the production of light or comic opera in English, that is deserving of extended notice. Miss Marie Stone who, since the death of Adelaide Phillips, is the most noticeable feminine member of the Company, has a voice of excellent quality, improved by many years' culture in Europe. Mr. Tom Karl, too, though his voice is not of the finest, is yet an artistic singer; and Mr. Myron Whitney has made the most of his limited professional experience. Mr. MacDonald is also a trained singer

who has studied in Europe for years; so that the Company's engagement at the Fifth Avenue Theatre this week and next is more interesting than the customary performances of comic opera in New York. The production of 'The Marriage of Figaro' on Wednesday was a bold one but one not altogether unjustified. 'Fatinitza' on Monday night, and the 'Muketeers' on Tuesday, were thoroughly enjoyable performances. The Ideals have at length disproved the charge so often brought against them, that though they may be able to sing they cannot act. Comparing them with Carl Rosa's company, it seems that their principals are far ahead of any Mr. Rosa has had since he lost Gaylord, Packard, and the others who used to make his company so attractive. Their chorus and orchestra cannot of course compare in size with the English manager's, but the former is as well trained, and contains as good material. The orchestra is the only weak point, and one which it would be well to remedy at once.

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